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# JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME

THE RECORD  
OF A COLLEGE  
FRESHMAN



*By* FRANKLIN CUMMINGS







" . . . . . She sed at fullest hite,  
'I do not care to danse to-nite.'"

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OF A COLLEGE  
FRESHMAN



By FRANKLIN CUMMINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY E. D. BILLS



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To  
Merlin C. Hooper  
Johnnie's Best Friend.

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## FRESHMAN RUBS

Dere fokes, I got here all O. K.  
 But wisht I mite go back today,  
 For Kollidge don't agree with me,  
 This fact alreddy I can see.  
 Nobuddy waz with awe struck dumm,  
 That I into their midst had cum.  
 They only laff when I go by,  
 And sum of the fellers seem to lie  
 In wait to make me oft perform  
 For them. I seem to have took by  
 storm

The Soffymores who are kwite prow'd  
 To show me off before the crowd.  
 And so whenever I step out,  
 They swoop upon me with a shout,  
 And lead me where the world mite see,  
 And poke my ribs with feendish glee.  
 When I got here I wore thet hat  
 Of Granpa Sizer's, and just for that,  
 They pounced on me and hollered,  
 "Who

Let this escape from out the Zoo?"  
 With dignity I sed, "Be off,"  
 Whereby the leader did mildly coff  
 In apology but sed, "On, on,  
 With the merriment." This wazz the  
 dawn

Of my kollidge life. They led me  
 where

Five thousand peepel with eagre air  
 Awaited my advent, krue'l, grim,  
 Reddy to tear me limm from linm.  
 Then the leader sed, "Remove your  
 cote,

And we'll do our best to get your  
 gote."

I had on the blowze you made me,  
 maw,

And the sleevelets that I got from  
 paw,

The purple wuns with the ribbins at-  
 tached,

The goods that waz used when your  
 garters waz patched.

This luminary site did fill

My captors with desire to kill,  
 They turned my cote sleeves wrong-  
 side in,

The way they abuzed me waz a sin.  
 My shirt tales in the air hung loose,  
 I flapped them gently like a goose.  
 And then they nabbed anuther guy,  
 Whooze jurney in their path did lie,  
 A little feller, short and fat,  
 Who buzzed aroun' just like a nat,  
 They put us on a line together  
 And sed, "Now, Butter Ball and  
 Fether,

Deside by racing which snall go  
 Into the Kem. Pond's slimey floe."  
 So eagre waz I, I lost my hed,  
 And started before the word waz sed,  
 Whereby they giv' me a handycapp,  
 Az well az a harsh reproovin' rap.  
 But just the same I set the pace,  
 Determint that I shud win the race.  
 The fellers formed a dubble line,  
 Which waz to me a omminus sine.  
 And when we run the gantlet throo,  
 A ringing stinging feeling grew,  
 Where they had paddled az we passed  
 To make us cut the wind more fast.  
 Six times we lapped the oval plot,  
 And now I gasped and felt kwite hot,  
 My kolleegue waz two laps behind,  
 And grinned az if he didn't mind.  
 Fin'ly I stopped for want of breth,  
 And felt that twud be certin deth,  
 But then a Frosh with a cap on came,  
 And saved the honner of my name.  
 I slunk away in the cheering throng,  
 Feeling that I waz did a wrong.  
 And now I brethless live for fear  
 Sich eppisoads all throo the year  
 Will happen. O I wisht that I  
 Back in my attick cot cud lie.  
 I'll write to you agen next week,  
 When of futchur events like theze I'll  
 speak.

Good by, my family, ev'ry wun,  
 I am Your Ever Effectshunate Son,

JOHNNIE.

## THE FRESHMAN RALLY

Dere Pa and Ma and Sister Sue,  
 And Uncle Tad and Heinie, too,  
 I wisht that you waz here last nite,  
 There cum nere becin' a pitch-in fite.  
 Those ornery Sophs. thot they wuz  
 smart,

But we had dun our durndest part,  
 And when they yelled, "Bring on  
 more wood,"

By blud just biled, I cud hav stood  
 And nocked their heds cleen off their  
 nex,

And Heinie noze I'm hard to vex.  
 It cum about in the Greek Theeayter,  
 The fire wuz wuss than any equayter,  
 And, God, ma, how I biled and swet,  
 My underware wuz ringing wet.  
 Those durned fool Sophs. kept holler-  
 ing "More,"

And that sure made us Freshmen sore.  
 We cud have fott and licked them, too,  
 We all waz in just sich a stew.  
 But we done rite and let 'em be,  
 But next time, jist you wait and see.  
 An ole man with a beard spoke,  
 And all my patritizm awoke,  
 I wisht that you had bin there, paw,  
 To hear him tell about the "wah."

When he had dun, he made us rize,  
 And sing our anthem to the skies,  
 My throte with feelin' seemed to  
 choke,

And as I sung, my durned voice broke,  
 And then a lot of banjoes played,  
 My feelin's now with joy wuz swayed.  
 I cud have hollered rite out lowd,  
 But there wuz sich a durned big  
 crowd,

I wisht my clarinets wud cum,  
 I'd show them how to make things  
 hum.

The fire wuz low and all wuz dun,  
 We sure had had a heep of fun,  
 And then we did the serpent green,  
 It wuz a site wurth becin' seen.  
 And when we'd sung "All Fail," we  
 lef'

And marched away to muffled step.  
 I'm feelin' fine and lookin' pert,  
 I wisht you'd send me my other shirt,  
 And an extry sute of underware,  
 Just so I'll hav it round to spare.  
 Goodby, my family, ev'ry wun,  
 It's aite o'clock and I must run,  
 I am your ever effectshunate son,

JOHNNIE.

## AT THE DANCE

Dere family, I am going to write  
About the danse that waz last nite.  
I brushed my Sunday Meetin' best,  
And let my good looks do the rest.  
I took the girl that lives next dore,  
At dancing she iz awful pore,  
I cudn't get her ennywhere,  
And Lordy, how the men did stare.  
We reeched the Jim at quarter tew  
aite,  
And I wuz afeard that we'd be late.  
But we wuz there in plenty of time,  
The ball begun at haff past nine,  
My dame and me cud not keep step,  
I feared she'd spile my soshial rep.  
And so I left her on a chair  
And went outside to get sum air.  
When I cum back I saw a laydy  
That beat all holler my pore Sadie,  
So I up and sed, "How do you do?"  
She ansered coldly, "Who are you?"  
I smiled my best and told my name,  
And sed she waz a classy dame,  
To which she sed at fullest hite,  
"I do not care to danse to-nite."  
Seein' a womun settin' out,  
With double chins and sorter stout,  
Who hankered for the look of pants,  
I up and sed, "Come on, let's danse,"  
And so I carried her around,  
And made believe she wayed wun  
pound,

She nesseled up, I held her tite,  
We made an awful purty site,  
The only thing that made me cuss  
Was everybody bumpin' us,  
No sooner wud we start out gay  
Then some one wud obstruct our way.  
Of course it made me overhet  
And, Lordy! how I biled and swet,  
But still I had a real good time  
I'm for the wimmen and the wine.  
The stuff we drunk in paper cups  
Brought on a case of the hiccups,  
The liquid made my durned head  
swim  
At dancing I was sure all in.  
And so we left at haff past ten  
I wish we'd gone away fore then,  
For just as I was going out,  
Some fellow up and tried to spout.  
He took my last dime fer a tag  
And said perhaps I'd get the flag,  
But I was skeered I'd haff to speak  
And so I out and made a sneek,  
Oh, yes! The girl won't speek next  
door  
But I should worry ennymore.  
There ain't no use a bothering bout  
These feemales who expect to pout.  
Goodby, my family, ev'ry wun,  
It's aite o'clock and I must run,  
I am your Ever Effectshunate son,  
JOHNNIE.

## SLINGING HASH

Dere Family: I am going to work,  
 Nobody shuld his dooty shirk  
 In times like these when we're at war  
 And everything's gone up so far.  
 Sence I'm too young to join the row  
 And ma don't want me to, nohow,  
 I guess I'll help in other ways,  
 You can't my patrittism faze.  
 I've got a job at slinging hash,  
 Already I have made a mash.  
 The wimmin live on Channing way,  
 I serve two meals for them each day,  
 And in return I get my board  
 And five big dollars for my hoard.  
 I wear an apron pure and white,  
 Between times I can take a bite  
 Out in the pantry where I keep  
 Myself when they've begun to eat.  
 I have to strain my ears a bit  
 To catch the flow of steddy wit  
 That rolls off forty-seven tungs  
 And gasps from forty-seven lungs.  
 I hand it to those wimmin foke  
 At speech they've got all reckerds  
 broke.

There's some that's talking every min-  
 nit,

The others never could be in it  
 If they kept quiet, so they shout  
 For fear that they will be left out.  
 A great thing is the gift of gab,  
 But I don't see how they keep tab  
 Of what the others all are saying  
 When they themselves are likewise  
 braying!

The wimmin talk of many things—  
 The fat one always lafter brings;  
 She's real good-natured and don't mind  
 When to her size they're so unkind.

There's one girl who gets many  
 chances

By telephone to go to dances.  
 She's got dark hair and real blue eyes,  
 And as to men she's awful wise.  
 The fone keeps ringing all the time,  
 "Now, if you'd have to pay a dime  
 Whenever you receive a call  
 Perhaps it wud be best for all."  
 Thus spoke the housemarm with a  
 smile,

But most of them it seemed to rile.  
 "That wud be fun and then cud we  
 Enjoy our meat and sip our tea."  
 It was the fattish girl who spoke,  
 But only anger she awoke.  
 "The idea of such an absurd thing,"  
 The vampire sed, and then a ring  
 Called her again and as she went  
 Her anger all in smiles was spent.  
 When they had done they up and  
 sung,

My heart in sympethy was wrung.  
 "We'll love thee, dear sorority,"  
 The words come from the minority.  
 The rest played with their napkin  
 rings

And said at last the unsaid things.  
 I like these wimmin. They inspire  
 My soul to long for things much  
 higher.

Now this is all that I can tell  
 Today as I don't know them well.  
 But next time in my home-bound  
 letter

I ott to know them whole lots better.  
 Goodby, my family, every wun,  
 It's aite o'clock and I must run.  
 I am your ever effectionate son,

JOHNNIE.

## SKULL AND KEYS

Dere Family: Ask me "Who are we?"  
 Then anser, "Loyal Skull and Key."  
 They had their running yesterday,  
 So-called 'cause wimmin run that way.  
 These wimmin can't run fast enuff,  
 They're crazy about that kind of stuff.  
 That morning fair each neofite  
 Wuz up and movin', early and brite.  
 They had them dressed in funny  
 clothes,  
 And made them ware bright kolored  
 hose.

At noon they gave the dames a treat  
 By servin' them their bread and meat.  
 They bust in on us with much noise  
 And most disturbed the house marm's  
 poys.

"We wish to wait upon your table."  
 She sed, "We'll see if you are able."  
 And then they took my tray away  
 And sed "You have a holliday."  
 I stayed, tho, just to see the fun.  
 The girls wuz gigglin' every one.  
 For variety's sake they called on each  
 And made them make a pretty speech,  
 And then they had them danse and  
 sing.

Their kapers sure did lafter bring.  
 That afternoon at haff past three,  
 Agen I saw the Skull and Key.  
 The wimmin flocked out to Cal. Field,  
 Their modesty was unrevealed.  
 Pellanic let them go this year;  
 They went with mingled hope and  
 fear.

They hoped that 'twould be ruff and  
 wild,  
 And feared lest it be much too mild.  
 It did one good to see them there  
 In such a hushed expectent air.  
 They squeezed each other in the  
 knees,  
 And laffed when in cum Skull and  
 Keys.

A saintly fellow led the throng—  
 The man who never did no wrong.

Then cum a cave man big and ruff,  
 The wimmin couldn't clap enuff.  
 There were some fellows dressed as  
 wimmin,

The kind that like to go in swimmin,  
 The first act showed them sound  
 asleep,

Their nighties tucked about their feet.  
 And then they up and, if you please,  
 Their nighties went up to their knees.  
 My feelings shocked, I turned my hed,  
 And blushed with shame and wud have  
 fled,

But the wimmin showed no signs of  
 leavin,

And so I stayed, my shocked sole  
 grievin.

These Alpha Fleas, for it was they,  
 Then hurried out to break the day,  
 By tripping forth to where the Pool  
 Before them lay so green and cool.  
 In nature's garb they splashed around  
 And, strange to say, remained un-  
 drowned.

Then Si, the swimmin man, awoke  
 With fear and rage he almost choke.  
 The rest of the show was just as bad,  
 The wimmin's lafter made me sad.  
 They had one act which was risky  
 And afterwards they tried to say  
 That Skull and Keys knew naught of  
 it,

But ennyway it made the hit.  
 Where I with shame cud most have  
 died,

The wimmin looked most satisfied.  
 That nite their interest knew no  
 death—

They talked of it in bated breath,  
 And prayed to God on bended knees  
 To bless and care for Skull and Keys.  
 One clock strikes aite and I'll be late,  
 And so no longer can I wait.  
 Goodby, my family, every wun.

I am your Ever Effectionate Son,  
 JOHNNIE.

## THE PAJAMARINO

Dere fokes, last nite the fire burned  
brite,

Its flames rose up to quite a hite.  
The Greek wuz filled up everywhere,  
The feemale world had gathered there,  
To watch with fond unmixed deelite  
The men dressed in their robes of nite.  
Sence I sleep in my underwear,  
I didn't think that it wuz fare  
That all the men pajamas wore,  
I cud with anger most nave swore.  
It seems the housemarm where I work  
Is feared lest ther're burglers lurk  
Around and so she made a plan  
To make them think she wuz a man.  
Whereby no nite gown does she ware,  
But of pajamas dons a pair.  
I borrowed them for Thursday nite,  
Their ample folds waz none too tite,  
But I should worry ennyway,  
For wurryin' makes the head turn  
gray.

The rally beat most enny show  
That ever I have chanced to know.  
My soal wuz all aglow with zest,  
In everything I done my best.  
I yelled and hollered awful loud,  
And of my singin' I wuz proud.  
Of all the many golden throtes,  
Not enny beat my heavenbound notes.  
Amusement 'twas not ours to hunt,  
Each class put on a komic stunt.  
The freshmen's pellican did yawn,  
And layed eggs rite upon the lawn  
Wher I wud never dare to lie,

Because the sophs. wud wunder why.  
The sophomore stunt wuz awful pore,  
Sum fire works and nothing more.  
The joonior stunt wuz sure a peach,  
It represented Neptune Beach,  
Where all the plump goodlooking  
wimmin  
Layed in the sand and went in swim-  
min',

Ther wuz one fat one in the brine,  
To see whose size wuz worth a dime.  
An organ grinder, too, wuz there,  
The monkey sort of worse for wear.  
The senior stunt wuz dignified,  
My fervent heart swole up with pride.  
Four unniforms great cheers brung,  
As on the theatre wall they sung.  
The wind wuz playin' in the trees,  
And caught Old Glory to the breeze.  
It wuz a most inspiring site  
And woke our national pride that nite.  
A lot of other things took place,  
For which I haven't any space.  
The music wuz that syncopated  
Stuff that makes you animated.  
The songs were qute and funny too,  
The speeches short and sweet and few.  
And now I must at my first chance,  
Put back my dere housemarm's pants,  
Else she will think a burgler sure  
Is lurking round her bewdoir door.  
Goodby, my family, every wun,  
The clock has struck and I must run.  
I am your Ever Efectionate Son,  
JOHNNIE.

JUNIOR FARCE TRYOUTS

Dere fokes, there's going to be a play,  
 Thats held each yere on Joonior Day.  
 If I had had an earlier start  
 I think I'd take the leading part,  
 But sense its Jooniors they desire,  
 I'll quench my hot dramattic fire.  
 But just the same its reel amusing  
 To hear them Drama's art abusing.  
 I passed the Ark. this afternoon  
 Some guy was spouting like a loon,  
 Attracted by the sound I went  
 Inside and half an hour spent.  
 There, clustered round the dredded  
 dore,  
 Were forty wimmin, maybe more.  
 One poor lone fellow kept the peace  
 And soothed them like so many geese.  
 He held a blue book in his hand  
 And tried their pressure to withstand  
 By telling them that soon the dore  
 Wud open to let in some more.  
 And then we felt the building shake  
 And all the world begin to quake.  
 All followed by a roaring sound  
 Which seemed to rumble from the  
 ground.  
 Our beating hearts with fear wuz  
 chilled  
 Our minds with strange forebodings  
 filled.  
 The wimmin shrieked and clung to-  
 gether  
 The Lone Man paled and blamed the  
 wether.  
 The dore flew open, out there came,  
 A youth, (I do not know his name),  
 Wild eyed, hot cheeked, dishovelled  
 hair,

A panther coming from his lair.  
 Here wuz the cause of all our fear  
 Alive and reely walking neer,  
 Here wuz our earthquake if you please,  
 Hed'd merely fallen on his nees  
 And stabbed hissself within his heart  
 To show his true dramattic art.  
 The wimmin who had clamered most  
 Were now afraid to leave their post.  
 They argued who would go in next,  
 The Lone Man pleaded, almost vexed.  
 At last one bolder than the rest  
 Announced that she wud do her best,  
 And as she quaking entered first  
 She sed, "I'm reddy for the wurst."  
 She madly clutched in one firm hand  
 A paper which she offen scanned.  
 We lissened and her voice was low,  
 The paper trembled to and fro.  
 She red each word although she sed  
 She'd memorized it in her hed.  
 A fat girl followed her, who spoke,  
 Her voice with feeling almost broke.  
 "Ha. Villain, draw now, yield or die!"  
 Her fattish form rose up reel high,  
 Her voice soared up in tragic tones  
 And made me think of skulls and  
 bones.  
 And so I let them fight it out,  
 To see who cud most nobly spout.  
 I think I'll go to see this play  
 When it cums off on Joonior Day,  
 For I wud really quite adore  
 To see them act the fool some more.  
 Goodby, my family, every wun.  
 I am your Ever Efectionate Son,  
 JOHNNIE.

THE RECEPTION

Dere family, I'm a social bud,  
 Excitement's tingling in my blud;  
 I've mingled with the very best  
 And think I made a stunning gest.  
 This is the way it cum about  
 My abilities I never dout.  
 The fat girl where I work told me  
 That I a kweener ott to be.  
 I sed, "Come, tell me, little wun,  
 What I can do to start the fun."  
 She spoke, her words wuz grave and  
 slow,  
 'Fo the recepshun you must go.  
 It's best to go from four to six  
 And then you will avoid the fix  
 Of full dress clothes and Stetson hat,"  
 (I thanked the Lord at least, for that).  
 And so, all dyked out in my best,  
 I wuz all reddy for the test.  
 At four o'clock I rung the bell  
 It sounded like a tolling knell.  
 A young dame met me at the dore,  
 And looked reel dubious, to be sure,  
 But just the same I entered in  
 And looked around with sheepish grin.  
 I thought I'd entered Fairy bowers  
 The place wuz full of gauze and flow-  
 ers,  
 The wimmin wuz like fairies dressed,  
 By candel lite they looked their best.  
 They flitted everywhere, so sweet,  
 I hoped there wud be things to eat.  
 And then I past down a long line  
 And watched the Freshmen's heds in-  
 cline

A littel as I onward came  
 And heard them misconstrue my name.  
 I sed to each, "It's plesent wether,  
 For us to make Debews together."  
 There wuz one there that I cud tell  
 Wuz going to be a campus belle.  
 But as for that they all wuz fine  
 Rite down the whole ding-busted line.  
 And after that I stood around  
 Until the eats wuz finally found.  
 Some lady brought me up some cake,  
 'Twuz good but made my stummick  
 ake.  
 Another brot sum razberry ice,  
 And smiled and spoke to me reel nice.  
 And so the hours whiled away,  
 I stayed until the close of day.  
 At six o'clock the setting sun  
 Set on my social dooties done.  
 The first to cum, the last to go,  
 I'd done my part from hed to toe.  
 And when I passed outside the dore,  
 I'd eaten fore times, maybe more.  
 I guess I shud have went that nite  
 agen, the sisters to delite,  
 But felt that I had done my part,  
 So cammed the yearnings in my heart.  
 I like recepshuns and such things  
 For there my soal with plezure sings.  
 I think I always will attend,  
 My time with gauze and silks to spend.  
 In the home town paper put my name  
 And tell about my soshial fame.  
 Goodby, my family, every wun,  
 I am your Ever Effectionate Son,  
 JOHNNIE.



PIPING THE FLIGHT

Dere family, I am proud to say  
 I'm better looking every day,  
 When I look in the looking glass,  
 Which I always do whenever I pass,  
 I see the handsome look of youth,  
 My mirror always tells the truth.  
 The wimmin where I work do smile  
 And speak real gracious, once in a  
 while.

I think the ones acrost the street  
 Are jealous cause they cannot eat  
 With me around, but just the same,  
 I let them help to spread my fame.  
 They have a Joonier over there  
 Who's pretty tall and passing fair,  
 She's literary, in a way,  
 And writes Dramatticks up each day.  
 She says that akting I shud try  
 Because my looks wud get me by.  
 Each afternoon I wet the grass  
 And watch the different wimmin pass.  
 A lot live up on Channing way  
 I see them pass in herds each day.  
 And now I've really cum to know  
 Just how to pipe the passing show.  
 There's sum that cum way down the  
 line,

Who mentally are very fine.  
 I think Hell's deemons they cud cure  
 Their faces are so meek and pure.  
 I feel ashamed when they're around  
 And avert my eyes and watch the  
 ground,  
 And dig my toe rite in the lawn,  
 And wonder why God had me bawn,  
 The wurd being bad enuff alreddy  
 And I so sinful and onsteddy.  
 But those from out the big stone paliss  
 Don't seem to bear me any malice;  
 I love to watch them as they pass  
 I hand them everything for class.  
 Their freshmen bat a hundred per cent

For studying they wuz never ment,  
 There's one, a goddess, tall, divine,  
 Deliteful shivers mount my spine,  
 When she goes by. I cud adore  
 To look at her forevermore.  
 And then the ones acrost the street  
 Are also fine, but indiscreet  
 At telling time of day, I'm told,  
 In gathering new ones for their fold.  
 And still I don't blame them for this,  
 When it's an erly hit, or miss.  
 But where I work, I love it most,  
 And of my wimmin always boast,  
 Espechully of the dark-haired wun,  
 Who has all men beneath the sun,  
 Rite at her feet and wanting to marry,  
 And pleading that she will not farry.  
 I, too, with her wud like to mate  
 And wouldn't mind an erly date.  
 One day when I wuz wetting the grass  
 I saw her leave the house and pass  
 Before me with a lovely smile  
 For which most men wud run a mile.  
 I watched her walk in fond effecttion  
 And turned my hoze the wrong direc-  
 tion,  
 It chanced a sweet soal up the line  
 Was passing at that very time.  
 Because a wetting she received,  
 She looked reel hurt and almost  
 peeved.  
 I blushed with shame and hung my  
 hed,  
 She looked her thoughts, but nothing  
 sed.

I love to watch the wimmin pass  
 As I stand out and wet the grass.  
 So God please keep the rains away  
 And bless them all on Channing way.  
 And now its time for me to run,  
 I am your Ever Effecttionate Son,

JOHNNIE.

## THE OPERA

Dere fokes, I am a Operra lover,  
 And henceforth I shall always huvver  
 Around when there are music shows,  
 My enthusiazm to disclose.  
 Last nite to Oakland I did go,  
 To see the Treble Clef's big show,  
 I kweened a wuman who wuz nice  
 And to the evening added spice.  
 Because the distance wuz so far,  
 We had to ride there on a car;  
 Such luxuries wuzn't ment for me  
 But then I had this gal, you see.  
 Our setes wuz in the second row  
 From whence we clearly saw the show.  
 I had a bag of peppermints  
 For I'm a guy that never stints  
 On sich occasions, Goodness no;  
 On all sides I hand out my dough.  
 The show begun a little late,  
 The kurtain seemed to hesitate,  
 But when it rose, whut did we see  
 But a big ship rolling on the sea.  
 Of course it took no second hints  
 To make me lay off the peppermints,  
 And even so I squeamish felt  
 And rubbed the regions 'round my belt.  
 I prayed as painfully I waited,  
 "Oh, God, don't make me nawsiated,"  
 I tried my best those kwalms to chase,  
 And bear the ordeal with good grace.  
 And then a flock of wimmin came  
 And saved the luster of my name.  
 They sang and danced and looked real  
 pert,  
 As all their charms they did assert.  
 But wun among them got seasick  
 Agen my stummick commenced to  
 prick,  
 I thot I wud my dame disgrace,  
 But wuz skeart to move, so kept my  
 place.

At last the hero entered in—  
 A red-haired guy with a happy grin.  
 He sed that he wuz off the girls  
 But when he saw that row of perls,  
 That gleamed frum out Narkisser's  
 mouth,  
 I knew the plot of "Thirteen South."  
 Narkisser wuz a spritely dame.  
 She's erly won her way to fame.  
 The Klappers sat down front and  
 cheered  
 And klapped real loud when she ap-  
 peared.  
 There wuz a stewardess on the ship  
 Both strong of arm and big of hip,  
 Who took a lot of exercise,  
 In hopes she might reduce in size.  
 A fashion plate wuz also there,  
 I marveled at whut she didn't ware,  
 But when the ship wuz safely sunk  
 And of the salty brine they'd drunk,  
 And had safely reached a cannibal ile,  
 To be eaten by royalty after while,  
 The native maidens in scanty attire,  
 Appeared, to set my soal on fire,  
 Their soople forms and dusty eyes,  
 Transported me to Paradize.  
 The gambler and the stowaway  
 On them fond looks did also lay.  
 The seasick woman with fear wuz  
 filled,  
 That she and the others wud all be  
 killed.  
 And then the stowaway solved the  
 solution  
 And saved the day by a revolution.  
 And then a white sail did they spy,  
 A welcum ship cum rolling by;  
 And so all troubles now suspended,  
 The lovers kissed and all wuz ended.  
 The authors sat rite back of me

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## JOHNNIE'S LETTERS HOME

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I shook their hands in joyful glee  
And told them how I'd liked their  
opera  
Especially the part that wuz improper ;  
At which they smiled and looked real  
glad,  
That I a good time there had had.

I got to bed at wun o'clock  
And slumbered like a hevvy rock,  
I dreamed of all those purty girls,  
Their forms, their eyes, their rows of  
pearls.  
And now it's late and I must run,  
I am your Ever Efectionate Son,  
JOHNNIE.



## FOOTBALL AND NELLIE

Dere fokes, tomorrow comes the Game,  
 I hope our luck will be the same  
 As on last Saterdag when we beat  
 The Oregon Aggies off their feet.  
 We are all reddy for the fray,  
 Our fiteing team in strong array.  
 Coach Handy Smith has done his best  
 To fit them for the supreme test.  
 My blood is tingling for the fite  
 I can hardly wait jist over nite.  
 At first I thot I cudn't go,  
 I'd spent so much at the Oppera show,  
 For peppermints and street car fares  
 And things which cum up unawares.  
 I laid awake at nites and thot,  
 My joyless feelings wracked and  
 wrowt.  
 And finally one nite in a dream  
 There cum to me this well layed  
 skeem.  
 Next day I went, made my confession  
 And got me a job with a peanut con-  
 cession.  
 I'm also selling ice cream kones,  
 I'll shout their koolness in loud tones.  
 And so I'll get to see the Game  
 And get excited just the same  
 Az if I wore a rooter's cap  
 To feebly yell and mildly clap.  
 There'll be sum in the rooting section  
 For whom I won't have enny effection.  
 The kind that make a awful noise  
 When things go smoothly for our boys,

But who, when there ain't any luck,  
 (Which don't mean that there ain't no  
 pluck),  
 Can only show their gift of gab  
 In one long whining, skunklike crab.  
 Az if they'd have the nerve each day  
 To go out in a kwiet way  
 And get all battered up like hell,  
 When parlor snakes won't even yell  
 For them; it is a slacker's act  
 To crab, and yet it is a fact  
 That they will do it, sure as sin,  
 Shud onexpected snares begin.  
 And yet I am so sure we'll win,  
 I bet the oppel neckty pin  
 'nat Sis giv me two years ago  
 That Krismas when there wuz sum  
 snow.  
 Say, Ma, have we by chance enny kin,  
 Named Nellie, with a sliding chin?  
 She claims relationship with me,  
 And I'm as puzzled as can be.  
 I think she's nuts myself, but then  
 Sum wimmin fall so hard for men  
 That they must make them kinsfokes  
 nere  
 And hang on them and call them dere.  
 But I'll look out and take good keer  
 Of myself, so please, ma, don't you  
 fear.

Goodby, my family, every wun,  
 I am your Ever Effectionate Son,

JOHNNIE.

## NATIONAL SERVICE

Dere fokes, I write with hevvy heart,  
 I feel I haven't done my part  
 About this war. In many ways  
 I've wasted all these preshus days  
 In actin' like a millionaire  
 While they are fiteing over there.  
 To think that I cud go to teas  
 And shows and other things like these,  
 And spend my money for ice cream  
 kones

When Yurope is ailing with the groans  
 Of dyng soldiers. O to think  
 That I cud sody water drink  
 And visit movin' pitcher shows  
 While they are fitein' against our foes.  
 It ain't rite, God; no it ain't rite,  
 That I shud fritter while they fite.  
 I'm much ashamed, my konscience  
 knows,

To be a blooming soshial rose  
 While they are going through hell and  
 fire

To raise the plain of freedom higher.  
 About such things as these I worry  
 And now I'm going to tell you a story  
 About a man who cudn't fite  
 Bekawse the Germans held him tite  
 Within a dirty prison camp  
 His mental powers to kill and kramp.  
 He had sum clothes and bread to eat  
 And broken shoes to hide his feet,  
 But what he starved for wuzn't bread  
 Or shoes or even a fether bed.  
 He didn't mind the fizzickle pain  
 But feared lest he mite go insane  
 For lack of things to stir his mind  
 Which is essential to mankind.  
 It drives one nuts to see each day  
 The same gray walls. The battle fray

At least gives akshun and a sense  
 Of fiteing for a cawse immense,  
 But in the prison kamps men die  
 And no one even kwestions why.  
 With neether folks nor comrades nere  
 They die and no one sheds a tear.  
 And those who live do live in vain  
 For most of them will go insane.  
 The man I'm telling you about  
 Wuz desperet so he used to spout  
 Out loud, and also figgers add  
 To keep hissself frim going mad.  
 But then he grew to hate his voice  
 And since there wazn't enny choice  
 He sat and thought the live long day  
 Az in his prison kampf he lay.  
 At nite he used to shreek out loud  
 And sob, his head now gray and  
 bowed.

To save such men there is a way  
 And so on Nashional Service Day  
 I'm going to do my part and give  
 All that I can, that they mite live.  
 A magazine, a book or two  
 Will often pull a sick man throo.  
 'Tis hard to realize, but true,  
 The miracles that books can do.  
 So henceforth, tho' I come to grief  
 I'll give my all to War Relief,  
 So to the bank I now must run.  
 I am your Ever Efectionate Son,

JOHNNIE.

P. S.—

In my enthusiasm I forgot to say  
 We won the Game the other day,  
 And so I have my necktie pin  
 And the fellow's dollar who didn't win  
 His bet. All these I'm going to give  
 That over there the men may live.

## THE BLUES

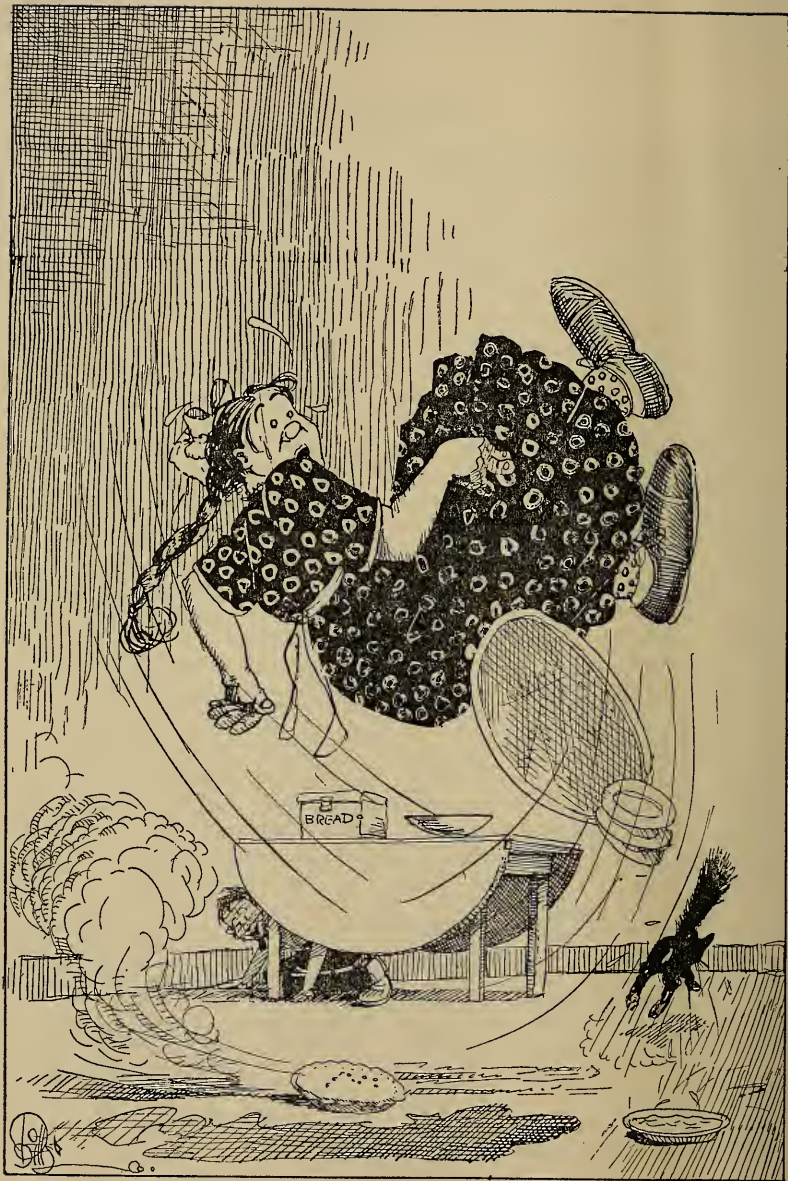
Dere fokes, I'm feelin' awful blew  
 But still I'm sure it wudn't do,  
 For me to linger on my sorrow  
 I know I always hate to borrow  
 The greefs of other people. So  
 I'l speak no further of my woe  
 Except to say that I wud give  
 Ten years of this life we live  
 To meet the Kizer face to face  
 With no one else around the place.  
 And then for God to give me strength  
 To stretch my arm back at full length  
 And hit him skwarely in the noze  
 And all his billious blood expoze.  
 To me it wud give plezure grim  
 To knock the stuffins out of him.  
 His blud thirst takes my friends away,  
 Wun of them left this very day.  
 Kwite soon I'll be the only male  
 To listen to the wimmin's wail.  
 Oh, God, 'twud be a awful day  
 So end the war soon, pleze, I pray.  
 Sence they don't like my youthful look  
 In the army, I think I'll be a cook.  
 For that wud get me over there,  
 And may be I'd reech the Kizer's lair.  
 But now to turn to plezent things,  
 My landlady's dawter loudly sings  
 Both morning, evening, noon and nite,  
 She helps to drive us men to fite,  
 For Unkle Sam she does her bit  
 For men wud rather die than sit  
 Around and hear her high shrill notes  
 The kind that rize from feemale  
 throtes.

Another thing that makes me mad  
 Iz the way in which these wimmin are  
 clad.  
 Each time I see a brite pink swetter  
 I think, "Just one more shackled fetter,  
 For Freedom's cawse. Just one more  
 soal  
 In France is friz for woman's toll."  
 The feemale speshees I know full well  
 And all their vises I can tell.  
 There iz wun kind, the baby type,  
 With fluffy hare and lips red rype,  
 Who hate the thot of sword and gun,  
 Bekawse they won't have so much fun.  
 These are the kind who sometimes  
 gnit  
 (But not a soldier's chest to fit).  
 Then there are those who hate the war  
 Bekawse it takes some sweet hart far  
 Away. I like these wimmin better,  
 They mostly gnit the thick brown  
 swetter.  
 Then there are those who know no  
 wun  
 At war, who could even now have fun,  
 To whom all soldiers are their friends,  
 They use their time to noble ends—  
 Gnitting for men they never knew  
 Ruff men who vile tobakky chew.  
 These are the wimmin I admire  
 Their goodness sets my soal on fire.  
 I sed before that I wuz blew,  
 So will not longer bother you.  
 Goodby, dere family, every wun,  
 I am your Ever Efectionate Son,  
 JOHNNIE.

BAD COLDS

Dere fokes, I have a awful cold,  
 My noze is sumthing to behold,  
 Its red and tender to the touch,  
 From having had to blow it so much.  
 No sooner do I get through blowing  
 Than agen my noze iz overflowing.  
 Which makes it very irrytating  
 When one a letter is kreating.  
 I don't see why I caught this cold,  
 I just had had my shoes haff soled.  
 That it shud cum now iz tew funny,  
 Rite after spendin' out that money,  
 My shoes had holes in them for  
 munths,  
 And still I never sniffed wunce.  
 My handkercheef iz wringing wet,  
 But it I am a using yet.  
 I hang it on the lamp to dry  
 But still do fear I'll haff to buy  
 Another one to take its place  
 Sence I do need bore blowin' space.  
 I went to bed this afternoon  
 And don't think I'll get up very soon.  
 The housemarm where I work does  
 spoil  
 Young people. She giv me caster oil  
 She says she makes the girls take sum,  
 When they are sick and feeling bum.  
 And also when they've nawty been  
 And forgot to keep their nites within  
 She holds their nozes and gives them  
 oil,  
 Which makes their wattery blood to  
 boil,  
 The fat girl also wuz verry nice  
 And offered me sum good advice.  
 She sed "Whenever your noze is red,  
 Of course you ott to go to bed,

Ef you don't look out, yourself you'll  
 kill,"  
 Sayin' which, she gave me a Kalamal  
 pill.  
 The dark-haired girl wuz feelin' fine,  
 And give me five grams of kwinine.  
 When I got home my landlady sed  
 "You seem to have cawt cold in your  
 hed."  
 In feeble protest I arose  
 And sed "It's mostly in my noze."  
 She sed "There's nuthin' so kwickly  
 halts  
 A cold az a good strong dose of salts."  
 I paled and even my noze turned  
 green,  
 I shrunk up like a ded sardine,  
 But she wuz firm and had her way  
 I drunk them down, and now I pray  
 "With all this medicine, oh God,  
 Please keep my hed abuv the sod."  
 This sure has been a tryin' week,  
 And now my noze and I don't speak,  
 For it is red and I am blue,  
 And colds disgust me throo and throo.  
 At nite it bothers me the most,  
 For tho with castor oil I'm dosed,  
 My hed gets stopped up on one side,  
 Where breething iz, of course, denide.  
 If I turn over in the nite,  
 Both sides get stopped up good and  
 tite,  
 And so my mouth takes in the air,  
 And I make funny sounds and swear.  
 I'm all stopped up now, if you please,  
 And so I'll give a final sneeze.  
 Goodby, dere family, every wun,  
 I am your Ever Effectionate Son,  
 JOHNNIE.



*"She met the spilt pie unawares."*



THE FAT GIRL

Dere fokes, the world and me don't  
 jibe,  
 To the fat girl I wud fain ascribe  
 All manner of dire things big and  
 small  
 For she's the one who cawzed it all.  
 I've been serving brekfusts there of  
 late  
 So that my purse wud add on wate.  
 I knew the fat girl wuz kwite big,  
 But when I saw her morning rig,  
 I gasped and thanked the Lord that I  
 Of flesh had much less a supply.  
 She waddled in at quarter tew nine  
 And sed "For wonce I'm down on  
 time."  
 Az in her chair she softly sunk  
 Into mineyute partikkles I shrunk.  
 Where before I thot three hundred  
 pounds  
 Wud take in all her whale like bounds  
 I now knew that I'd reckoned low,  
 For over nite she seemed to grow.  
 At lunch she seems to korsets ware,  
 She always has that hitched-up air.  
 Now korsets sure are splendid geer  
 To make fat wimmin thin appear,  
 But far from kumfort-ble, I s'pose,  
 In which one's fatness to repose.  
 And so they only wear them when  
 They are around where there be men.  
 And so my fat girl wares a kimona  
 (The one that Kitty Tubbs did loan  
 her)  
 In which her form has full expansion  
 And holds one's undivided skanshun.  
 Three chairs must needs her fat form  
 greet  
 Which creek when them and she do  
 meet—

And when she's set down, full of  
 pride,  
 There's still some fat that hangs  
 overside.  
 She sed from out her seventh chin  
 "I'm on a diet to get thin."  
 She glanced down sourly at her legs  
 And sed "Just bring me scrambled  
 eggs  
 And a bowl of mush and toasted korn  
 flakes  
 And some of the Heathen's lethery  
 kakes  
 And sum koffee" (and then she winked  
 her eye)  
 "Just slip me a slice of last nite's pie."  
 This skimpy brekfust I did bring,  
 And pitied much the pore little thing.  
 But when I cum to bring her pie  
 With sudden laffter I thot I'd die,  
 And let the plate slip from my hand  
 Which on the dirty floor did land.  
 And then I chilled. All wuz a hush  
 Except her taking in the mush.  
 The pie lay in a gooey heap,  
 I cudn't find a broom to sweep  
 It up so left it there  
 And hoped the fat girl wudn't care.  
 But when she left to go upstairs  
 She met the spilt pie unawares.  
 With a mitey thud she hit the floor,  
 And I flew out the nerest dore.  
 She sets on cushions now, they say,  
 And I'm not loved on Channing way,  
 So fear I'll get my walking papers  
 Bekawse of all these kweer kapers.  
 Goodbye, dere folks, and pray that she  
 Will never chanst to fall on me.  
 And now its late and I must run,  
 I am your Ever Effectionate Son,  
 JOHNNIE.

## THE CURTAIN RAISER

Dere fokes, do you remember the play,  
I wrote you wuz comin' on Joonior  
Day?

Next Saterdag at the T. and D.  
This joonior play is going to be.  
Now I shall be there, you may know,  
Its going to be a pippin show.  
There'll be two plays that afternoon,  
And I shall be on hand kwite soon.  
The first to greet the theayter gazer,  
Will be the Nineteen Kurtin Razor.  
I've seen them praktiss for the show,  
And so about it all I knoe.  
It calls for lots of purty girls,  
The kind that grin and toss their  
kurls.

The scene iz layed in a sorority house,  
Where wun of the sisters elopes with  
sum louse.

At least she thinks she will elope,  
With her sweet hart by the hung-out  
rope.

But unexpekted things occur,  
Which cawse her heart no little stir.  
Now Moner (that's the sweet thing's  
name),

Will shorely weep her way to fame,  
In the Fin Alley where she sobs,  
My hart just akes and brakes and  
throbs,

But even a bigger tear I'll squeeze  
For the pore little Freshman on hiz  
knees,

The kwaking trembling Neofite,  
Iz being initiated that nite.  
To the sorority house the kid they've  
sent,

His inward terrors to augment.  
But before he reaches the dredded  
place,

Sum ornery burgler shows his face,  
And skeers the sisters haff to death  
(The awediance here will hold its  
breth).

One poor weak sister points a gun,  
At which the others skreech and run,  
More skeart of it than of the theef,  
And then the housemarm comes with  
greef,

And says, "This iz the Nearfight,  
He's harmless and he dozen't bite."  
But other sounds of burglers nere,  
Agen fill up their harts with fear,  
And so they call the campus cop,  
And then who on the stage shud flop,  
But Bertie Jones, the Nereflite,  
A awful trembling pale green site,  
Az throo the windoe he enters in,  
The awediance iz supposed to grin.  
The cop doze treet him pretty ruff,  
The kid beeing small and far from  
tuff.

And then who shud come sailing in,  
But the lover (God knows where he's  
bin).

Sweet Moner flys to hiz embrace,  
A broad grin creeps all over his face,  
The way she smiles at him so glad,  
Don't seem to make him the least bit  
mad.

The plot iz far more komplikated,  
Than in these few words I have  
stated.

But after all its happily ended,  
The lovers' arms are titely blended,  
And then there cums the longer show,  
About which you will later know,  
Goodby, my family, ev'ry wun,  
I am your Ever Effectionate Son,

JOHNNIE.

HOOVERIZING

Dere fokes, what are we coming to,  
 When people do the things they do,  
 How one a hyperkrit can be,  
 And still get by, I cannot see.  
 And yet within our college throng,  
 There's many who are akting wrong,  
 They're peepke here with lots of  
 money,  
 Who think they're akting smart and  
 funny,  
 Bekawse they still rich things can buy,  
 When there are places where men die  
 From lack of warmth and lack of  
 food,  
 While here their comrades still get  
 stewed,  
 And ete ixpensive fattening things,  
 The kind that indigestion brings.  
 And tho the prices are soaring high,  
 There still are wimmin who can buy,  
 New dresses ev'ry week or so,  
 That they admiring looks may knoe,  
 From those few men that hang  
 around,  
 But not from me. A sheer well  
 gowned,  
 In times like these iz out of place,  
 She needn't look me in the face.  
 For I will wilt her then and there,  
 In one long lingering frizzen stare.  
 Then there are those who still can go  
 To the Voracity ev'ry day or so,  
 Since men wont take them ennymore,  
 They say, "You cannot make us sore,"  
 And go alone and ete and stuff,

And never knoe when they've had  
 enuff.  
 They always go to-gether Dutch,  
 And of nut Sundays ete tew much.  
 I knoe one girl (a sister weke),  
 Who never can a sentence speak,  
 Without referring to things to ete,  
 To cold iskream with sirrup sweet,  
 And choklitt malts and walnut fudge,  
 From the Voracity her you cannot  
 budge.  
 I figured out the other day,  
 That if one month she'd keep away,  
 And to Releef the money give,  
 Three babies and a haff wud live,  
 In starving Belgium for a yere,  
 Kept safe from Hunger's nawing fere.  
 But she cud never do without,  
 These things which tend to make you  
 stout.  
 However there are those who do,  
 I'm proud to say (tho' they are few),  
 They live high up on Ridge Rodeway,  
 (Whence to the Pool they sumtimes  
 stray).  
 I've seen them pass the Voracity dore,  
 And look, but keep strate to the fore.  
 They send their well erved mites to  
 France  
 The soldyure's kumfort to enhance.  
 These kind of girls I love to knoe  
 Az on their lovely paths they go.  
 But now, dere folks, I too must go,  
 In writing pleze don't be so slow.  
 Goodby, dere family, every wun,  
 I am your Ever Efectionate Son,

JOHNNIE.

## THE JUNIOR PLAYS

Dere fokes, the Nineteen Joonier day  
Deserves to get a better bowkay  
Than the kritick with overly tender  
mind

In the vulgar "low comedy" stuff cud  
find.

Now as for me, I thot it funny  
And very much worth while my mon-  
ney,

To see Mrs. Tubb in her bathing suit,  
'ne woman was doing her best to  
dilute

Herself and so she didn't rush  
Away and hang her hed and blush.  
But let us view her ampu! form,  
Which tuk the awedience by storm.

The kritick with his sinnickle eye,  
His ere so sensitive, so shy,  
Komentely failed to mentshun sum  
Of the fokes who helped to make  
things humm.

In the Kurtain Razor he failed to see  
The brimming blue eyes of fair Mar-  
jorie,

Az she gave her frend Enid a last  
farewell

And eloped with the burglar. He  
didn't tell

Of the sister who held the pistol tite  
When the burglar creeped in in the  
dead of nite,

And he didn't devote a single breth  
To the cop, who skeart the Freshman  
to death,

Or the housemarm with her frizzled  
hair,

Or the little maid with the chubby air.  
In the "Medicine Man" he gave all  
glory

To the overgrown woman of the story.  
Now Sweet Kitty Tubb had her form  
to help out,

While other poor mortals who weren't  
so stout,

Had to work awful hard and use  
many ways,

To win from the awedience their  
small meed of praise.

"Ruth Ruin," the nurse sure done her  
part well,

And even the kritick her praises did  
tell,

About the songster he was dumm,  
I guess she broke his ere drum.

The skittish widow won my heart,  
And I am going to take her part,  
If I'd bin there she cud have had  
Me for her man and I'd been glad.

Of her he wrote not, nor her beaugh,  
(The handy man, who wuz so slow),

He plumb forgot the buggy man,  
Who after bugs and spirits ran,

The worn out woman with the nerves,  
The French maid running round in  
curves,

For these oblivion he wud have,  
But I will bring my healing salve,

And paint anew their saddening faces,  
And save them from the shadowey  
places.

The greatest krime he perpretrated,  
Iz still, dere family, to be stated.

The Wun who most held our atten-  
shun,

The Bewtiful Wun received no men-  
shun.

He passed her by without a word,  
And this my feelings sure has stirred.  
Pat Hayden knew that she wuz grand,  
And luvly, he cud understand,  
But kriticks, with their dry teckneck,  
With such sweet things wuzn't ment  
to speak.

Another thing to my mind now rizes.  
Twuz when Kitty Tubb took her ex-  
ercises,

He plumb forgot, az she danced her  
jig,

How she danced too much and lost  
her wig,

And another time he wuzn't aware,  
That one of the girls had tipped in  
her chair,

And balanced in mid air and most  
cum to greef,

Perhaps these were all in his un-  
written leaf.

But jist the same, the show got by,  
And folks have praised it to the sky,  
The authors sure can feel reel proud,  
I wisht that God pore me had en-  
dowed

With sum of the brains that they  
have got,

I'd fire the world and make it hot.

I'm glad I saw the Joonier plays,

I'll think of them and laff, always.

But now, my lengthy discourse ended,

I hope our smypethies are blended,  
May kamps Kriticks here take heed,

And may I never never read,

Agen the kind of stuff, I pray,

That in the Cal. I red to-day.

Goodby, dere family, ev'ry wun,

I am Your Ever Efectionate Son,

JOHNNIE.



## A RAINY NIGHT

Dere fokes, last nite I kweening went,  
Whereby my money all wuz spent,  
Except ten cents which I did save  
By using the koopons that they gave  
At the Joonier Farce for the T. and  
D.

That folks their pitchers mite go to  
see.

It started off a lovely nite,  
That moon wuz sure a pretty site,  
I wore my new sute and my hat  
And my black and yellow silk kra-  
vatte,

And the brand new handkercheef  
that I bawt.

When to stop my cold I vainly sawt,  
And my purple socks and my under-  
ware

And sum lilack water in my hair,  
And my spotted vest and my gold  
watch chain,

For I never knew it wuz going to rain.  
My lady also looked her best,  
In all her finery she wuz dressed,  
She wore her big red hat and skirt,  
And silk stockings and a pink lace  
shirt,

One glove she karried in her hand,  
The other being lost, I understand,  
I sed, "You are a spritely Jane,"  
She sed, "Do you think its going  
to rain?"

I sed, "You needn't worry, kid,"  
She sez, "Spose the tacksy kab shud  
skid."

"Look here," I sed, "Cut out this  
tawk,"

"You know darn well we're going to  
walk."

She lamped me with a injured eye,  
And sed, "If you're kross, I'm going  
to kry,"

I sed "Come damsel, kan the noise,  
Or else I'll lose my mental poyce."

She sed, "You are a funny feller,  
You haint e'en brot me a umbreller,"  
I feared to wet my brand new sute,  
And so we took her bumbershoot.

Twuz pink and had a broken handel,  
By mine it cudn't hold a candle,  
But sence I'd left mine safe to hum,  
When I in the rainy nite had cum,

I cudn't say so, but I smiled,  
And even so my dame wuz riled.  
The movies had a rotten show,  
That nite, but still the stedy flow  
Of konversation from my dame  
Kept me from knoeing the sheepish  
shame,

Of those who sleep and nod their  
hed,  
And make their pardners get reel  
red.

When it wuz over we went outside,  
And then I thought I wud have died,  
For it wuz raining cats and dogs  
And snakes and bugs and hopping  
frogs,

I never seed it rain so hard,  
And now our plezure sure wuz  
marred.

The parasol opened, I most did choke  
For two of its tender ribs wuz broke.  
I held it to-gether the best I cud,

But still it didn't akt the way it  
 shud,  
 We started out bravely in the rain,  
 I tried to hold it up over the Jane,  
 But she, ongrateful thing, did say,  
 "You always have things turned your  
 way."  
 It blew so hard, we had to stop  
 In the front dore of a baker shop,  
 The things in the window warmed  
 my heart,  
 But it slackened up, so we had to  
 start  
 Agen for home, and now afresh,  
 The rain pinitrated to our flesh.  
 My shoes wuz drenched with Heav-  
 en's tears,  
 That my sute wuz ruined I had grate  
 fears,  
 When we reached home at haff past  
 nine,  
 We both wuz reddy to hang on the  
 line.

The parrysawl wuz a pittifull wreck,  
 But reely I didn't care a speck,  
 My dame cawt her deth of cold, I  
 hear,  
 But I'll shed no tears at her bier,  
 I'm thinking of my sute and hat,  
 And socks and other things like that,  
 They've shrunk until they can't be  
 worn,  
 And I of my koverings now am  
 shorn,  
 I fear my soshial life iz ended,  
 For all my money iz expended,  
 So pleze be sure to send me sum,  
 Or else I'll have to stay to hum,  
 And live in my nitegown all the time,  
 And exist on my one poor mezely  
 dime.  
 Goodby, dere family, write and save  
 Your son from out a waterry grave.  
 I'm thinking of you, ev'ry wun,  
 I am your Ever Effectionate Sun,  
 JOHNIE.



## GOODBY

Dere fokes, I'll sune be home again,  
 And I'll have lots to tell you then,  
 About my kolledge life here spent,  
 My goodness, how the time has  
 went;

The hour to say "Goodby" is near,  
 The exes. will usher me out, I fear,  
 The melankolly days have cum,  
 The saddest of the yere. I'm glum  
 To think that they'll foretell the  
 doom

Of wun who did so britely bloom,  
 Espechully in Sosiety,  
 I've gained much notoriety.

I've been a kweener, I'll admit,  
 With the wimmin I have made a hit.  
 The ummage that to me they've fed,  
 I fere did almost turn my hed,  
 But later there cum a Revellation,

It cum in the form of a starving  
 nation,  
 Sense then I've layed the wimmin  
 by,  
 And sharply hushed their playntiff  
 kry,

Which rose when I sowl nobler ends,  
 Uv my previuss folly made amends.  
 I am a patriot now, and preech  
 My thouts to all those I kin reech,  
 I skeer the wimmin haff to deth,  
 Whenever I take a full deep breth,  
 And look with skorn at their brand  
 noo dresses,

At the Rhine stones in their frizzled  
 tresses.

When I enter the Voracity they  
 almost fly,

So skeart they are that they'll meet  
 my iye.

But on the hole they're fond uv me,  
 Most ev'ry day this fact I see,  
 When the war iz over agen I'll try  
 To play with the wimmen, by and  
 bye,

But thins don't now look enny too  
 brite,

For an early end to the ornery Fite,  
 Eech day there leeves a maskiline  
 face,

The kamps iz now wun dreery  
 place,

A few good guys still hang around,  
 But they, I fere, will not be found  
 Here long, except a few uv us  
 Who are too young to fite and kuss,  
 And others who have funny iyes  
 And are, perhaps, too small in size.  
 A grate big tear fills my iye,  
 When I cum round to saying "Good-  
 by."

No longer kan I go each day,  
 And do my bit on Channing Way,  
 No longer kan I spill mince pies,  
 And see fat girls from the goo  
 arise,

No longer kan I go to teas,  
 And with the wimmin feel at eze,  
 No more kan I buy peppermints,  
 And have my noze dun up in splints,  
 When a Kold has cum to visit me,  
 And made for my wimmin a site to  
 see.

No longer kan I brave the rain,  
 (Thank God I'll not do this again),  
 It brakes my hart to say Goodby  
 To eech strong frendship and eech  
 tie;

I don't mind so much the bookish  
 Nollidge,

For friends are the big thing here  
 in kollidge,

Its leaving" them that makes me  
 sore,

For many wont be here ennymore.  
 I hope the Kizer's blood iz spilled,  
 And that none of our Kollidge boys  
 iz killed,

Goodby, dere folks, I'll see you soon,  
 Within the passing of a moon,  
 I want to see you ev'ry wun,  
 And always am Your Efectionate  
 Son,

JOHNNIE.









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